

Yellow Men Sleep

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CHEE MING.

Synopsis.—John Levington, a poet, visionary and impractical, and Mary Martin, the daughter of rich and worldly parents, hear the call of love and unite their lives. They go to a small Michigan city, where John finds work in a stove factory and on Sundays writes verses. The Martins try in vain to get the happy wife to leave her husband. Mary begins to breathe for two. John loses his job. He appeals in vain to the Martins. Mary goes to the hospital—and never returns. Thus comes into the story Cornelius Levington. John leaves town and the city farms out the child. Two years later John appears, claims his little son and takes him with him on his wanderings over the whole earth.

Under the same conditions do you believe you could have made more of life than Con Levington made of his?

CHAPTER I—Continued.

In Frisco again, with the boy nearly four years of age, John worked in many strange places. They lived near Dory street. John was a marked man. He did not drink often, but he chose the most fatal occasions for it. The gray shadows beneath his eyes deepened. Con learned to cut bread and light the fire—a rather solemn young person, who was well aware that his father was not always the same. His eyes were blue, large, ready to trust. In his consciousness there was no such thing as stranger. The matter of home remained world-wide.

He ventured down to the steam ferries and pondered the mystery of their endless coming and going. He loved the strength of horses as they hauled heaping loads over the cobbles. He wondered what made the loads so heavy. And where had everything come from? The fire-engines were delightful. At night, when they passed below the window and he could not get up, he lay beside his father and wondered what might be burning, and imagined how the smoke would come out and blacken the stars, and the fire crackle and curl up high, as the firemen worked from the street. Was it a big building burning? Who was getting burned up? What would they have done if they hadn't been burned up to-night?

On some occasions his father would talk, but he was asleep all the while, and how could he know what he was saying? Con listened and it was like Bill the Chink. He could not understand the words of either of them, but it was wonderful to hear. There was a rhythmic pulse to these night words of John Levington, and upon it Con was frequently carried into magic dreams.

"I'm going."

The father usually said this to the boy in the morning, and it did not mean he was going to work. Con understood so much, but no more. John Levington said it more and more often.

Con himself became marked for "different." At the age of six he felt it. He did nearly everything the boys in the Dory street neighborhood, even the soiled little yellow boys whose plays were wild with forty centuries of Asiatic wickedness; but Con was not always admitted. He could fight and climb, was generous and bold. But the clear light in his eyes betrayed him; he was different.

At length he realized that things were said concerning his father which he could not quite fathom. John seemed tired and always very gentle, drowsy but never ready for bed. Their little kitchen was clean. The bedroom smelled like Father himself, a friendly personal scent, rather like cinnamon and whiskey. This went with the gray-shadowed eyes, and grew more perceptible when John began to stay at home every day, being out of work. Often, now, John Levington would take the child between his knees and look for a long time steadily into the blue eyes. Con found that this was better than talking. He received his father into an open heart, giving him utter devotion. John slept a great deal when out of work. His eyes were shadowed and sunken.

They returned to Dowagiac. The house was rented by strangers, but the slovenly woman next door was there as always, her sparse black hair standing out at angles from her head. It seemed she wore the same snagged apron, stiff with grease. She moved out to the sidewalk to shake hands.

"You ain't looking well—and is this the baby?"

She nonchalantly pinched Con's cheek, and he coldly suffered her touch.

John Levington did not reach the cemetery. As he was leading his son to that hill the blaze of an August sun mastered him. His vitality was gone, had left him long since. Con crossed the street to ask at a house for water, because his father was down and could not get up. Dowagiac's new ambulance thus found its

premier case. The boy was handed over to the matron of the city rest room. After supper they took him to his father in the hospital.

"I'm going," said John.

Con was somewhat closer to the meaning now. John's eyes were more deeply shadowed, but even in this new situation the boy was reassured by the familiar scent of wine and cinnamon about the bed.

The young son did not like the funeral. He refused to weep as instructed. But he screamed when they let him see that his father was in the box. He knew all about it now. He had seen funerals before, and thrown stones at them. It meant, as some said along Dory street, good-night. Realization of his father's death came like a shower of hot needles, and then a slow weight on his chest. It was unbelievable. To-morrow would be all right; it must be. Con was stupefied.

So the city council extended its humanity once more, and voted care for the wail, and it happened that the lowest bidder for his keep was the woman next door—the cheerful slattern with four of her own—and to her foul dwelling Con went to be raised.

CHAPTER II

Purple Tracery.

In the darkness of the months and years that followed, Con Levington did not suffer consciously from the horrors of his environment. He became much like it, and through the accumulating films of sordid experience he saw but vaguely that there was more in life than this. Whenever anything beautiful forced its way toward him he could not imagine that it might be for himself. Yet the true heretize in his blood was not lost. Merely his decent, poetic young self wove and crossed with filth.

He communed with the seum of cities, after running away from Dowagiac, also took a few music lessons of Max Markov, a young Russian spirit in Chicago. He spent much of his time at a club of questionable, yet managed to make a firm friend of Premenez, a Spaniard in French diplomatic circles, a princely person of irreproachable standing. Con never realized what an indigestible layercake he was making out of life. The nearest he ever came to straightening himself out was during recurrences of a longing to know more, to see deeper into the complexities about him. He forgot his father and mother, even forgot the dirty woman whose marks were still upon his habits, but this longing would come frequently, out of the wells of his spirit, perhaps to be instantly polluted, denied, smiled down. Con did not believe that real life was for such as himself. Both to the underworld and to the upper realms of society, he felt somehow an outsider.

There was at last a series of events that quickened his longing to a degree that would not be put aside. The pressure of these strange events formed his life, once for all. The better story begins here, the final unraveling out of the ugly weave in his days.



He Tried Not to Show the Strain This Hour Held for Him.

Through these events, all the longings of early years, even the yearnings of those who went before him, were intensified and definitely answered.

Destiny, for Con Levington, began swiftly to untangle at a dinner, a quiet affair with one of his newest friends.

This fate-laden dinner was shaded and silvery, served for two, in the smaller dining-room of the Wedger house. The members of the family were all away, except one.

Cecil Wedger sat opposite his guest, Levington, and talked candidly of the

numerous motion-picture stars in his golden orbit. The guest, while attentive, and never missing his host's callow pleasantries, was merely bearing up as best he might under boredom, and at the same time concealing the commotion in his heart. Con was aware of Destiny.

The wine was expensive if not melow, and the cooking was undeniably good, having been accomplished by Cecil's own attache—a Chinese, whose existence seemed to begin and end in the night-flying son of the Wedgers.

Con, taller than his father, held a likeness to John Levington only about the eyes and temples, something grave and tense, that disappeared when he laughed. He tried not to show the strain that this hour held for him, although in the luminous haze of cigarette smoke his features were a degree drawn and pale. His voice had a natural sincerity. The eyes, blue-gray and steady, seemed to hide none of the secrets that hovered in the lines around his mouth. The gentle excellence of his brow and head ranked him one with those who had been carefully directed, well combed at the start. Con was a good listener. His were well-built limbs, the shoulders almost too massive, though he was slim through the waist, and sometimes abashed at the fitness of his hands.

The integrity of this only son of two consummate lovers had been tempered in the roaring pits of the world. Con had never been one to wait for temptation. As the reticence of childhood had been rubbed away, and before a man's dignity had come to him, he had been famously ready. He had scaled the walls around the garden of illusion, battered his way joyfully along its paths, and plunged into every alluring pool. He had found his promises worthless, and had aged in a dozen years. His inner prompting had taken a false lead, but he had no regrets. With help he had at length found his way out into the clean and cooling winds of humanity. He had discovered again the treasures of a small-town boyhood, the satisfaction of open fields, the sun in his eyes. Morning air on the slopes was wine to him. In the blue rush of the sea he tried his strength, and found it sufficient. These were what he had wanted all the while. But the guideposts had all pointed the other way.

Cecil Wedger's invitation to dinner was part of a plan. The loquacious Wedger sprang had no notion that he was being used. Nor did Con feel guilty in the deception, for he was stepping into a work that claimed all his best energies.

The Chinese servant entered like a living shadow bringing fresh coffee. Cecil made his own cup into a gloria by brimming it with brandy. Levington smiled and waved the bottle away. This was not so easy as it appeared. His nostrils twitched at the fragrance from his host's cup. Perhaps the Chinese understood, for he nodded gravely. Now Cecil, to show his democratic spirit, spoke to the servant, very nearly as one man might address another:

"Chee Ming, what do you think of a chap who turns deacon and won't drink anything at the age of twenty-five?"

The Chinese countenance unfolded a few more small wrinkles near the nose, and a light appeared in the narrow eyes, as Chee Ming made reply, "Doubtless wise."

"Deacon is hardly the word," declared the young man of twenty-five. "Deacons are a thirsty brotherhood."

Cecil considered this remarkable humor. He was glad he had asked Levington to come.

The servant's face was the yellow-gray of summer dust, and when the light of a moment vanished from his eyes, they became smooth wet stones. His body was spare, a kind of unnaturally prolonged youth in it; and Cecil, to punish his own magnanimity and good taste, had insisted that Chee Ming continue to robe in native dress, a loose blousing smock with white sash and narrow straight trousers. Chee Ming was scoured and brushed clean. He was not young, had never been young, and possibly would never grow old. A power that was wired and psychic radiated from his motionless form. The essence of sober cunning showed in his countenance; ages of calm iniquity had wrought in the lore of his soul; his was a face impossible to read, while a well-tamed scorn lurked in his hands. He smoothly retired to the pantry.

"I was telling you about my little friend, wasn't I?" resumed Cecil, living to the task.

"Yes," replied his guest, "you were going to show me her picture."

"Pinkest little thing you ever saw," asserted the pride of the Wedgers. "Coffee won't be enough for you when you see—"

Cecil left the table and hastened for the photograph of his newest darling. Con heard him whistling as he went up through the deserted mansion.

Alone in the dining-room, Con also arose from the table. The tension about his eyes was more marked. Half a smile drew at his mouth, a

close-gathering of faculties. He went to the door of the butler's pantry, and passed on through.

In the low light beyond was Chee Ming, taking care of the silver. The face was shadowed, showing neither surprise nor interest at the approach of Levington; yet one bony hand moved along the shelf toward the handle of the bread-knife. The two men came together as swiftly as struggling phantoms.

Chee Ming was built of live tendons. The bread-knife came around in the grip of yellow fingers closer over Levington's stomach, but could not go on. Con pinioned his arms and, with a pang of regret bent him backward with a force that might have snapped a white man's spine, but the Chinese would not be broken. Neither uttered a sound. An instant they locked. Their feet seemed fast to the floor. Then, under necessity, the white young man forgot to be tender-hearted, a quick gasp of pain came from the Oriental lips and Chee Ming's weapon rattled to the floor. The victim sighed and crumpled in Levington's arms. On the floor he quivered, while the victor plunged a hand into the blouse and searched. Against the skin Con touched a tiny packet of leather, warm and soft and precious. He snapped the throng, withdrew it, stood erect and listened. Cecil was humming as he returned. Levington released the yellow hands that weakly held one ankle, lifted himself out at the pantry window, and dropped into the bushes below.

In the darkness he ran across the lawn, where he had walked two hours before, listening to the endless half-



Con Pinioned His Arms and With a Pang of Regret Bent Him Backward With a Force That Might Have Snapped a White Man's Spine.

feminine chatter of his host. He mounted a stone urn. The high coping of the wall was within jumping-distance from this, as he had noted in daylight. He sprang, eluded, and his wrists burned against the bricks. Drawing himself up, he dropped down on the other side, and was in the street.

It depressed him for a moment to think of the bitter misery he had dealt Chee Ming. This was not his idea of something noble. But he had wanted the small leather sack, still warm with Chinese heat.

Hatless, out of breath, he brushed the gravel from his knees, and looked both ways. The suburb was quiet, and this the continuance of a city street that became a road beyond the town. A bluish arc-light at the corner showed no one. Con turned to the left and walked rapidly. As he neared the next arc-lamp, a large black motor-car crawled out of the shadows, and drew in at the curb on his side of the road. The door opened—no light in the car. Levington stepped into it and the door swung shut after him. The leather packet was placed in the hand of the person who sat beside him. The car whirled away.

"Have any trouble?" asked the other.

"No. It was much as you had said."

"How did you slip your friend Cecil?"

Con explained, adding, "It was a shame to fool him."

"I understand," replied the other. "It isn't his fault. Maybe you can straighten it out with him some day."

"I hurt that Chinee," said Levington, half to himself.

There were no congratulations upon the small success. These two had expected to succeed, and were not surprised.

The other man was of middle age, rather slight and small. Under a soft black hat his hair showed long and gray. The lean-fibered strength of his hands, a neck might not have been considered beautiful; but to Con Levington this man was chief, and more—a comrade and second father.

"Andrew, you have found another beginning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cow Leads the Horse.

The hide of a cow represents 35 pounds of leather, and that of a horse a little more than half that amount.



PRUNE PEACH TREE HEAVILY

Will Induce Correspondingly Large Amount of New Wood Growth. Knowledge Essential.

Peaches are always borne on wood that grew the previous season. Therefore, after a peach tree reaches bearing age it is essential so to manage it as to induce a fairly liberal growth each season.

As a general proposition, very heavy pruning will induce a correspondingly large amount of new wood growth. It follows that the weaker-growing varieties should be pruned more heavily, relatively, than the very strong-growing sorts.

The growing of an open-headed tree is not merely a matter of keeping the top well thinned out. The position of the branches can be controlled and directed to a marked extent by the manner in which the pruning is done.

Heading in a tree from year to year, and pruning with a view to producing an open, spreading, low-top results not only in the development of strong, stocky limbs well able to sustain heavy loads of fruit, but it brings a large proportion of the top near the ground where much of the fruit can be harvested without the use of step-ladders.

The man who prunes a fruit tree during its first years must have a pretty clear conception of what the tree is to look like when it reaches maturity, and he needs to know from the beginning what is necessary each time it is pruned in order to develop the tree which forms his mental vision. A well-formed plan, based on a knowledge of the underlying principles of pruning, is essential if the operation is to be anything more than a haphazard removal of branches that appear to be in the way.

CODLING MOTH IS CHECKED

Control of Injurious Insect More Effective Last Year Than for Several Seasons.

When the apple crop of the country was harvested last fall, it was apparent that control of the codling moth had been more effective last year than for many seasons past, according to deciduous fruit specialists of the bu-



Codling Moth, the Cause of Wormy Apples.

reau of entomology, United States department of agriculture. Because of the unusually high value of the apple crop, the specialists expect that the results obtained will stimulate similar thorough work another year.

SPRAYING FOR LEAF-HOPPER

Solution of Nicotine Sulphate With Little Soap Added Is Effective to Kill Pest.

A 40 per cent solution of nicotine sulphate used at the rate of one part of the sulphate to 1,500 parts of water, with a little soap added, forms an effective spray for the apple leaf-hopper. As this pest frequently stunts apple trees, it would be well to watch for it and kill it as soon as it makes its appearance.

EGGS OF TENT CATERPILLAR

Deposited in Masses Around Small Branches of Apple Trees—Cut Them Out and Burn.

The eggs of the tent caterpillar are deposited in masses around the small branches of apple trees and the winter is passed in this stage. Watch for them while pruning your orchard and cut out these egg masses and burn them. This will prevent future loss and effect a complete control.

RIGHT SPACE FOR PLANTING

About Twenty Feet Apart for Pears, Plums and Sour Cherries Is Quite Satisfactory.

Pears, plums and sour cherries should be planted about twenty feet apart each way, while sweet cherries should be planted not less than twenty-five feet apart each way. The tendency now is to plant peaches wider apart than formerly, 20 to 25 feet and more being the distance recommended



ROADS HARD ON AUTO TIRES

Yearly Cost to Owners of Cars is Something Like \$1,000,000,000 in Wear.

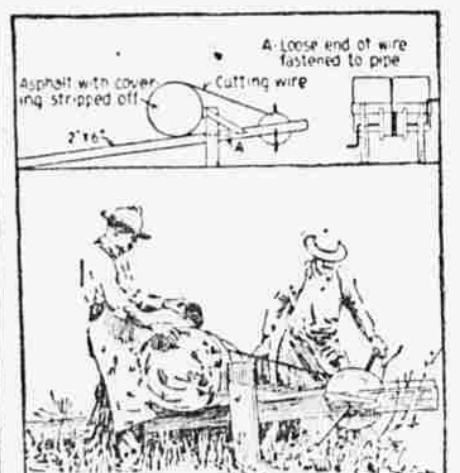
A great deal has been said and written, in discussing the roads and road building in the United States, about the wear and tear of automobiles on the roads, but a brand-new element seems to have been brought in by the director of roads of the American Automobile association, who suggests consideration of the wear and tear of the roads on automobiles. Automobile traffic now wears out something like 40,000,000 tires a year, costing automobile owners something like \$1,000,000,000; and on the roads as they now are, it can be argued, from data already accumulated, that the tractive resistance, otherwise wear and tear, varies from 20 pounds or less on one kind of road to 300 pounds or more on another. The consumption of gasoline also is said to vary with the character of the road on which an automobile is traveling. The idea is surprising, but it seems not impossible that a considerable part of the cost of building a national system of roads that would produce the least possible wear and tear on automobiles would be balanced by the decreased expense for tires.

PLAN FOR CUTTING ASPHALT

Method Shown in Illustrations Is Time and Labor Saver—Wire Cuts Through Material.

Asphalt is usually shipped in tin barrels. The metal is stripped off and the asphalt rolled up to the stopping board; the wire shown, attached to the winding drum, is passed over and around the asphalt to a piece of pipe under and ahead of the stop board. When the drum is turned it tightens up on the wire and causes it to cut through the asphalt. Kerosene is poured on the wire to make it pass through the asphalt easily.

The barrel shape is first cut in half, then each half is cut into quarters



Cutting Asphalt Taken From Barrel With a Wire Drawn Through It With a Windlass.

which a man can handle easily. In warm weather asphalt is soft, therefore it cannot be cut or broken with an ax or other tool, so this machine is a time and labor saver.—George C. Peck, in Popular Science Monthly.

KEEP ON URGING GOOD ROADS

Improved Highways Are Fundamentally Essential to Highest Advancement of Civilization.

We are doing well in acquiring and building roads at present, and our legislation is to be commended for starting this creditable work; but when we find a travelable road going past every farm, through every village, town and city, then will it be time enough to cease talking "good roads." They are fundamentally essential to the highest advancement of our own civilization.

HELP APPEARANCE OF HOMES

Good Roads Stimulate Farmers to Improve Appearance of Farms and Buildings Thereon.

Along improved roads there is a visible tendency for farmers to improve the appearance of their homes and their outbuildings. In fact, the presence of good roads seems many times to stimulate latent self-respect into practical expression. There is no wonder that a bog of well-high impassable mud before one's door should react unfavorably upon the entire family.

All Share in Good Roads.

Good roads benefit more people than any other public institution. Saint and sinner, man and woman and child, young and old, rich and poor—all have a share in the benefits of good roads.

Poor Roads Expensive.

Good roads help in transporting farm products. The farmers of this nation are annually losing \$250,000,000 because of their inability to market their produce at certain times of the year.